

# Short story

**By ShadowPrincess**

Submitted: July 30, 2013

Updated: July 30, 2013

*I'mma just put all my random short stories here.*

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/ShadowPrincess/59963/Short-story>

**Chapter 1 - Both worlds.**

**2**

## 1 - Both worlds.

Once upon a time there was an angel. He was young, and beautiful, Kind, and gentle, and so very much beloved.

Everything an angel should of been and then some. Like everything though he had a fault. No one knew why

no one blamed him. To be honest no one even told him.

but there..plain as day you could see. That the angels wings were made of stone.

They weren't ugly by any means in fact quite the opposite. They were marble. Shiny and smooth.

Everyone always complimented him on them

and though he could not see them he was proud of his wings. They were his glory.

yet every day he would wonder why he couldn't fly with his friends.

He never felt their weight of course. Never knew they were like that. Being born with them like that he's never had to adjust.

they've just always been, always were, and always will be,

Perfect marble wings.

One day though he got up the courage. **"My wings are my glory. My wings are my pride. They will not fail me."** he said to himself.

Unaware...and unafraid he jumped from the cloud to join his friends.

and they watched.

In horror the other angels watched

frozen in shock as he fell down screaming

past the clouds till they couldn't see him.

and his wings shattered all around him as he hit solid ground.

The pain screamed out of him and he cried **"MY WINGS!"** he cried and cried **"HELP ME!"**

his shouts fell upon deaf ears.

for no angel was allowed beyond the clouds. Not one.

and he had no wings to fly up. Never did.

He felt just as shattered as his wings. So small on the ground; a world away from home.

A new world no one even lived on and he was alone and afraid and begging to leave.

Soon the sky turned black. It's never done that before. It was always bright.

He gasped in amazement at the sky. The sun that filled him with love had turned silver. The black sky has holes where the shining sky peaked through.

It was a strange beauty but a pain in his chest told him everything was alright.

With a new determination he gathered the pieces of his wings and put them back together. The pieces fit so well on the ground and he finally got to see the wings that betrayed him. Just as they said they were beautiful...but they were useless. What is the use in beautiful if it cannot help you fly?

He'd learn to fly someday. With out beauty weighing him down.  
He lost everything he had before but he'd always be an angel.  
An angel with glory and pride and he'll learn to fly just as he'll learn the new world.  
Then he could have both worlds.